



A POEM

BY IRA B. TUCKER.

Lines on the death of Katie Kelley, who died Sept.
25th, 1882, aged about 12 years.

Her soft sweet voice we hear no more,
Her precious form is now at rest;
Her soul has reached that immortal shore,
She lives in Heaven among the blest.

We oft have met her on the street,
And clasp'd her little hand so clean;
And thought that life was not complete,
'Till we that little friend had seen.

We travel now that self same street,
But never meet that little friend;
In our lonely hours we mourn and weep,
O ! tell me when those tears shall end.

When we meet in Heaven with that dear friend
Then will our tears forget to flow;
Our meeting there shall never end,
We shall never part again, O no.

A POEM.

BY IRA B. TUCKER, LEBANON, CONN.

At the foot of calvary's Mountain,
Where the Saviour's feet has trod,
There the olive branch is waving,
Points the way that leads to God.

Up the rugged mount ascending,
See the Saviour bear his cross;
Angels look in breathless silence,
To see if He can save the lost.

On the mount by faith I see Him,
Feet and hands nailed to the cross;
Hear Him crying it is finished,
I give my life to save the lost.

Spread the news the wide world over,
Jesus died for you and me;
Open'd wide the gate of Heaven,
When he hung upon the tree.

Free salvation now is offered,
To every one that will believe;
Forsake their sins and follow Jesus,
Shall eternal life receive.

A POEM.

BY IRA B. TUCKER, LEBANON, CONN.

—O—

We met, t'was in those sunny hours,
True friendship fan'd your lovely brow;
Your path seemed strewed with sweetest flowers,
And earth was fairer far then now.

The friendship you so early won,
A sacred trust shall e'er remain.
Youth's flowers may fade, as life speeds on,
But you will find me still the same.

Misfortunes cloud may o'er thee lower,
Your Summer friends may treacherous be;
But in that sad and lonely hour,
I think you'll find no change in me.

And should your lovely cheeks grow pale,
Your gentle form be racked with pain,
Think not my constancy shall fail,
You'll find me true and firm remain.

And when the hand of grief you trace,
Upon my early sadden brow,
Shall I in memory find a place,
And will you be the same as now?

And when life's closing scene draws near,
And shrinking nature yields her claim,
Oh, I would ask one silent tear
To tell me you were still the same.

A POEM.

BY IRA B. TUCKER, LEBANON, CONN.

The Golden Rule to man was given,
To lead the wandering soul to Heaven,
It tells us what our life must be,
If we those Heavenly mansions see.

All angry words and bitter thoughts,
Must ever be by us forgot;
The slandering tongue that speaketh lies,
Shall never gain that Heavenly praise.

He'll visit all the abodes of men,
Of low estate, and comfort them;
The poor and needy everywhere
Will be the object of His care.

His hand will wipe the falling tear,
His words like Heavenly comfort cheer;
In Him the friendless find a friend,
Unchanged and true, till life shall end.

If this you will to others do,
What you would have them do to you,
And carry out the Gospel plan,
This is the Golden Rule to man.

A POEM.

BY IRA B. TUCKER.

Oh tell me not true friendship lives
And dwells in mortals here below;
All that I have I'd freely give,
If such a one I should ever know.

I've traveled far o'er land and sea,
And hoped to find true friendship there,
But ah, alas! that cannot be
I fail to find it any where.

A REVIEW OF LIFE.

BY IRA B. TUCKER. LEBANON, CONN.

—O—

How oft I have thought of my bright childhood's day,
When I gathered the pond lillies and the wild flowers of May,
And roamed through the meadows, where the sweet clover grows—
Till I came to that loved spot, where blooms the wild rose.

I stood there admiring that beautiful spot,
Where the red roses grow, and the sweet forget-me-not;
Unheeding the flight of the bright shining sun,
Not knowing that long hours ago, the clock had struck one.

I began to look round me, I was there all alone,
No one to speak to and far from my home;
I hastily gathered me a handful of flowers—
Then bid adieu to that spot where I spent so many hours.

I thought I could reach home before it was night,
But when I arrived there, the stars were shining bright.
By the window sat my father, where the children were at play;
And Mother she was busy, like the mothers of that day.

They have both gone and left me; they are in the grave yard cold—
I have bid adieu to childish joys, for I am growing old;
I've many friends and loved ones—some I shall meet on earth no more;
What a happy meeting that will be, when we meet on the other shore.

On that blest shore no loved ones part, no tears shall ever dim the eye.
We'll meet those friends we love so dear, but not to part and say good bye.
We shall all live there together while eternal ages roll,
And we shall all be young again, and never more grow old.



Mrs B. Tucker.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

BY IRA B. TUCKER,

OF LEBANON, CONN.



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OCCASIONAL POEMS.

A VIEW OF SLAVERY.

Hark ! hear the bondmen cry
For liberty and home ;
Hark ! hear him say, "O ! must I die,
Far from my friends, alone?"

His youthful feet once trod
Wild Afric's burning sands,
Where Freedom waved her peaceful rod
O'er that benighted land.

Hark ! hear the cry to day !
'Tis heard throughout our land,
From bondmen in America,
A poor and friendless band.

Ye friends of freedom, stand,
For man's appointed right ;
Drive cursed slavery from this land,
By freedom's holy light.

Forbid it, mighty God,
That I should live and die,
And lend no aid to break the rod
That makes the bondmen cry.

Hell is to good a place
 For any one to crave
 Who say they run the Christian race,
 But never help the slave.

Lord, when the judgement sets,
 To summon from the tomb,
 Don't the pro-slavery men forget,
 But give them their just doom.

ON THE REBELLION.

That Union flag is the flag for me ;
 I love the name to hear ;
 I'll hail that Union flag to-day
 With four round, hearty cheers.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 For the union flag that waves !
 Long as I live to God I'll pray
 That he'll the Union save.

Though Southern rebels join in bands
 To crush our Union fair,
 And Northern traitors, hand in hand,
 Would do it if they dared.
 They'd make them slaves of our young men
 And maidens young and fair ;
 They'd plant the seed of slavery then,
 And spread it everywhere.

But lo ! the hand of God shall guide
 Our armies in the field,
 And rebel traitors side by side
 Shall to our forces yield.

We'll conquer, though in blood we toil ;
 Our Union we will save :
 Our flag shall float on Southern soil,
 And wave o'er rebel graves.

But Jeff, and all that to him cling
 Must leave the United States,
 Or they shall on the gallows swing,—
 The law's decreed their fate.
 There's Mason, who did first propose
 That wicked fug'tive law ;
 Slidell, who was the auther of
 That filibustering cause.

But Jeff, and every rebel knave
 That first secession planned,
 Shall moulder in their rebel grave,
 While firm the Union stands.
 Our flag shall float on every sea,
 And wave on every shore ;
 The sin of slavery soon shall be
 A curse to us no more.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

Address to Miss Libbie Morgan, of Groton, Conn.
 on the death of Mr. Brady, her lover, who fell in the
 battle of Cedar Mountain.

At the foot of Cedar Mountain,
 Where the south winds rudely blow,
 There lies my own true lover,
 On that lonely plain below.

In that brave Virginia army,
 Commanded then by Pope,
 He hastened to the battle field
 To crush the rebels' hope.

In that bold division cheering,
 Led on by General Banks,
 He met the foe unfearing,
 And fought with unbroken ranks.

When the day was fast receding,
 And the night was drawing nigh,
 My true love lay a bleeding,
 And on the battle field did die.

It was there I heard him sighing,
 "O! that I now could see
 That friend while I am dying,
 Who so often thinks of me!

And then I heard him take his leave
 Of the friend he loved so dear,
 Saying, "O! Libbie, we'll meet again
 Where falls no parting tear."

THE DECISIVE BATTLE.

That great decisive battle
 Ere long is coming off,
 And Freedom gives the victory,
 In favor of the North.

There is joyful news a coming,
 That shall shake Secession's throne :
 The dragon has been wounded :—
 Hark ! hear his dying groan.

The dragon sin of slavery
 Is being overthrown :
 It once had many lovers,
 But 'tis dying now, alone.

God speed that mighty battle ;
 Make freedom to abound ;
 And bury bold secession deep,
 Far underneath the ground.

And there let all its advocates
 In silent darkness stay,
 Until that retributive hour
 Shall summon them away.

Then if they think, that slavery's right,
 And wish it to abound,
 Then bind them fast in Satan's grasp,
 While eternity rolls round.

LOSS OF THE BRIG SUTLEJ.

Loss of the brig Sutlej. together with thirty lives
 on the "Sow and Pigs" ledge, June 27, 1846.

That noble brig that plowed the deep,
 And bid defiance to the waves,
 Sixty-eight souls on board did leap,
 And all then thought that they were safe.

Wide spread the Sutlej's noble sails,
 Her banner unfurled to the breeze :
 How sweet to see the Heavenly gales
 Waft them along in perfect ease.

Hark ! all is still ; how sweet they sleep ;
 But, oh ! she strikes the rock at last ;
 Called from their beds to mourn and weep ;
 All former joys how quick they pass.

Their bitter groans, their sighs, and tears,
 No pen can paint, no tongue can tell ;
 The boldest heart now yields to fear ;
 Before them stand both Heaven and Hell.

In vain they strive to gain the land :—
 At length, far off, a sail they spy ;
 “About ship !” then cries every man.
 The star of hope gleamed in their eyes.

But ah, alas ! it was too late ;
 The awful moment now had come,
 For thirty souls to receive their fate,—
 And be hurried to their final home.

Here ends their mortal life below,
 While mourning friends must weep around ;
 Their souls to God’s tribunal go,
 To hear the sad or joyful sound.

Here parted husbands, wives, and friends,
 Pledged in their youth to memory dear ;
 No more they meet on earth again,
 No more each other’s voice they hear.

Ye mourning friends, dry every tear,
 And let your hearts be filled with love :
 And though you cannot meet them here,
 Yet you may meet them all above.

What ! meet in Heaven to know our friends ?

Yes : every face, and form. and size,
Where friendship never, never ends,
And tears no more becloud the eyes,

How sweet to meet our friends below,
But sweeter far is heavenly love ;
Then let us all this friendship know,
That we may meet in Heaven above.

Great God thy spirit's aid impart,
That we may know this Heavenly love,
And when from friends we're called to part
That we may hope to meet above.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

How swift thy years have passed away,
Thy morning sun has set at noon ;
And when our thoughts thy youth survey,
We wonder why you died so soon.

Death the sad fate of all below ;
Stood near thy path in early years
And when he struck the fatal blow,
Called out the sympathetic tear.

I saw thy friends around thee stand.
In mournful numbers saw them weep :
You never raised the friendly hand,
For all was hushed in death's dark sleep.

You heeded not the throbbing breast,
 The bitter tear, the lonely sigh ;
 Thy spirit had gone home to rest,
 To that bright world above the sky.

They looked, but lo ! no look returns,
 No smiles, to cheer their aching heart ;
 They turn away and sadly mourn,
 To think that you and they must part.

And when with slow and solemn step,
 They bore thee to thy resting place,
 I saw the tear that silent crept,
 And trickled down thy friends' sad face.

Her trust was in the savior's blood,
 To fit her soul an heir of grace,
 That when she crossed death's chilling flood,
 To enter heaven with songs of praise.

Fond memory lingers round the spot,
 Where once we met a friend so dear ;
 Thy name shall never be forgot,
 Though we thy voice no more shall hear.

We never more shall see thy face.
 No, never press thy friendly hand,
 Cherish no more thy fond embrace.
 Till at the Judgment seat we stand.

We hope to meet to part no more,
 When this short life has passed away ;
 By faith we see that happy shore,
 Where all is one eternal day.

O ! Lord thy help we now implore,
 That we may meet in Heaven above ;
 We know that we shall part no more,
 When we surround Thy throne of love.

FOR A FRIEND.

The wheels of time in rapid flight
 Move on in their appointed way,
 Which soon brings round the shades of night,
 And shuts out all the light of day.

So youthful pleasures quickly fly,
 Returning not while here we stay ;
 And soon our dearest friends will die,
 Bid us farewell, and pass away,

The fairest flowers of earth will fade,
 And those we love will go to rest
 Where earthly cares can ne'er invade,
 Nor sorrow fill the peaceful breast.

This world's a place where sorrow grows,
 And friendship fails to bring relief ;
 Where those we love oft prove our foes,
 Which stirs the hidden tears of grief.

But may you dwell where pleasures grow,
 And friendship lives, but not to die ;
 And never have one earthly foe,
 To wake the midnight's lonely sigh.

But with the friend that you love best,
 Live your appointed time below,
 With kind and loving friends be blest,
 Where peace like mighty rivers flow.

While passing o'er the sea of life,
 Should billows rise or tempest roar,
 Shun every path that leads to strife,
 Press forward to that peaceful shore.

And when this mortal life shall end,
 And earthly cares shall all be o'er,
 In Heaven, O! may you meet your friends,
 Enjoy their smiles, and part no more.

TO A NIECE.

I have a niece with bright dark eyes
 And a heart that's warm and true,
 With a blushing smile upon each cheek,
 As pure as the morning dew.

I have loved her with an honest heart,
 As she from her childhood grew ;
 Though often called from her to part,
 I have never proved untrue.

When darkness takes the place of light
 I see her in my dreams ;
 But when the day drives back the night,
 Her form no more is seen.

O! that I could forever dwell
 Surrounded by her smiles,
 And clasp the form I loved so well
 When she was but a child.

Am I forever doomed to live
 Far from a friend so dear,
 When one sweet smile that she can give
 Would check each rising tear?

If so, let moments quickly fly;
 Speed on in haste each year;
 But when the hour of death draws nigh,
 Her voice O! may I hear.

To cheer this aching heart of mine,
 O! may she near me stand;
 And wipe the death-sweat from my brow,
 With her soft, friendly hand.

And when we meet in Heaven above
 May I enjoy her smiles,
 And clasp that form I loved so well
 When she was but a child.

Addressed to Mrs. Morgan, on the death of her husband G. H. Morgan, who was killed by lightning, on Fisher's Island Sound, Aug., 5th, 1859.

Dear friend, O! why in sadness mourn?
 Why are those tears a flowing yet?
 Is it because the lightning's borne
 Away a friend you can't forget?

The mighty thnduder of that day
 Shall long in memory's book remain ;
 The lightning, too, that took away
 A friend we see not here again.

But long before the shaft of death
 Had aimed its arrow, bent its bow,
 Our friend, we trust, had breathed the breath
 Of Christian fellowship below.

Now bid each mournful thought to fly ;
 Trust in the Savior's pardoning blood ;
 We hope to meet our friend on high,
 After we've crossed death's narrow flood.

There, on that high and happy shore,
 We'll dwell with kindred minds above,
 Where lightning's flash and thunder's roar
 Can part us not from those we love.

TO A SICK FRIEND.

The place where oft we met
 To pass the evening hours ;
 Thy loving smiles I see not yet
 Expressing friendship's power.

For lo ! the fever's laid
 Its hand upon thy brow ;
 But prayers unceasing shall be made
 That God would raise you now.

And when we meet again,
 All gloom shall disappear ;
 O ! may thy presence long remain
 To check the rising tear.

Dear friend receive these lines,
 And read them when you may ;
 They speak of past affections, kind,
 When I am far away.

May this dry every tear,
 And cheer your aching heart ;
 We'll live in peace together here ;
 In Heaven we'll never part.

SOLITUDE.

If earthly friends should all forget,
 And leave me here alone,
 I have one friend who loves me yet,
 Stands near His Father's throne.

No friendly hand to lead me on
 This lonely vale of tears :
 Christ bids me look where He has gone,
 And banish all my fears.

When sorrow's lonely hour draws near,
 The tears begin to flow ;
 Jesus in my behalf appears,
 And smooths my path below.

I'll bid this cold, unfriendly world
 A last and long adieu :
 It has no charms to cheer me on,
 Nor friendship, old or new.

O ! that I had one earthly friend,
 This broken heart to cheer,
 To help me to my journey's end,
 And wipe each falling tear.

O, Lord, some Heavenly convoy send,
 That I may never stray ;
 Endure with patience to the end,
 Then take me home, I pray.

TO A TRUE FRIEND.

I would not that you weep for me,
 And grieve thy precious life away ;
 No scene can change my love to thee,
 Nor turn my heart from thee away.

I would not that thy tender heart
 Should cause the hours of sleep to fly,
 To think how hard it was to part
 When sorrow's tear filled every eye.

I would not have thee e'er forget
 The friend that pressed thy hand so dear,
 The heaving breast remember yet,
 The lonely sigh, the flowing tear.

I would not that a heart so true
 Should ever know life's storms and cares ;
 Thy sorrows all I'd bear for you
 Around my heart, and wear them there.

I would not that a heart so true
 Should ever doubt this pledge of love ;
 This pledge I freely give to you,
 Unchanged when we shall meet above.

SHORTNESS OF TIME ;

How short and hasty are my days,
 How swift the moments fly :
 The changing moments seem to say
 That shortly I must die.

My years roll on and take their flight,
 And hurry me away,
 Down to the shades of endless night,
 Or up to perfect day.

Then if my stay on earth is short,
 Lord, teach me how to live ;
 To spend each moment as I ought,
 And if I fail, forgive.

Give me a heart to bear the pain
 Of leaving those I love,
 Lord grant that we may meet again,
 In that bright world above.

There, where eternal ages roll,
 May we together meet :
 Where sorrow cannot reach the soul,
 May we each other greet.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Should flowers o'erspread the vernal fields,
 And fill the air with fragrance sweet,
 And earth all needed blessings yield
 To make the life of man complete.

Should sun and moon and stars unfold
 Their richest hue of radiant light,
 And never set till man was old,
 To drive away the shades of night.

Should earthly pleasures all combine
 To cheer our hearts while here below ;
 If those we love should prove unkind,
 Well might our tears forever flow.

In sorrow's path if called to go,
 May God stand by you and defend,
 Give you the best of friends below,
 And take you where all sorrow ends.

Dear friend, O ! may we meet above ;
 Be this our hope, be this our aim,
 There to enjoy each other's love,
 And never, never part again.

TO MISS E. S. KNOWLES.

Forget thee? No ; I'll ne'er forget
 A friend so near, so dear to me ;
 Though parted far, I love thee yet ;
 Unchanged my love shall ever be.

Forget thee? No. this aching heart
 Shall ne'er forget a friend so dear :
 Fond memory binds thee near my heart,
 While slowly falls the silent tear.

Forget thee? No ; thy friendship sweet,
 I'll ever bind it near my heart ;
 I'll guard the spot, and safely keep
 Thy love from every evil dart.

Forget thee? No ; what tongue can tell
 The inward feelings of the heart?
 Parted from one I love so well,
 That friend is thee, where'er thou art.

Forget thee? No ; around this heart
 Shall all thy former graces dwell :
 No friend nor foe can make me part
 With graces that I love so well.

Forget thee? No ; when life is o'er,
 Thy smiles so sweet I still shall love,
 And after death we'll part no more,
 When we shall meet in Heaven above.

ON THE DEATH OF H. E. REED,

Hannah, alas ! and art thou gone
 Unto thy long, eternal home?
 We here no more shall see thy face,
 Nor cherish here thy fond embrace.

No more we join in sacred songs,
 That warble from our mortal tongues,
 As oft we did not long ago,
 When winter's proudest winds did blow.

How oft we've met within the place,
 And saw the smiles upon thy face,
 And after school was past and gone,
 We cheerful hastened to our homes.

How oft I've knelt beside thy bed,
 And placed my hand upon thy head
 Where pains had baffled human skill,
 And sore distress continued still.

But God did give thy spirit rest,
 Before He stopped thy mortal breath;
 Forgave thy sins, what love to tell !
 Then took thy soul with Him to dwell.

For Hannah Reed we all will mourn,
 Who unto us will ne'er return,
 But when our life on earth is past,
 We hope in Heaven to meet at last.

TO A COUSIN.

Forever in thy youthful heart,
 O ! undisturbed may kindness reign,
 And never changed, though called to part,
 For in this world we may meet again.

What ! called to part with such a friend,
 Forever pledged to memory dear ?
 Yes ! called, perhaps, to meet again :
 Rejoice, my heart to meet you hear.

Such kindred feelings shall not end :
 No more let darkness cloud thy mind ;
 Dear to my heart is such a friend ;
 Alas ! how few such friends I find.

Love is the golden chain that binds
 These hearts of love together here :
 Unshaken by the length of time,
 Closer is drawn when death appears.

Kindly receive this pledge of love
 Forever in thy youthful heart,
 That when we come to meet above,
 We then shall meet no more to part.

ALL IS NOT DREAR.

O ! tell me not that all is drear,
 That time pass heavily away,
 That there is none on earth to cheer
 Your lonely heart from day to day.

O ! tell me not that friendship's ray
 Has took its everlasting flight,
 And, like its author, winged its way,
 Where falls no shadow, comes no night.

O ! tell me not you've not a friend
 To bear your sorrows and your grief,
 Whose kind affections know no end,
 Whose loving smiles bring sweet relief.

O ! tell me not while memory lives
 That I'll forget a friend so dear :
 My best affections now I give
 To you in prayer and silent tears.

O ! tell me not that long farewell
 Shall ever separate us here ;
 And after death, O ! may we dwell
 Where comes no sorrow, falls no tear.

TO MISS L——.

I cannot forget thee, I will not ; thy name
 Engraved on my heart shall forever remain ;
 Though friends may forsake thee when trouble is nigh,
 I will not forget thee, no, never will I.

I cannot forget thee ; though now called to part,
 Thy kindness has woven such ties round my heart,
 That true as the tides ebb and flow in the sea,
 So true is the love I've bestowed upon thee.

I cannot forget thee ; wherever thou art,
 The past recollections bring fresh to my heart,
 The joys that we hailed with such perfect delight
 But, like dew in the sunshine, have all took their flight.

I cannot forget thee : as soon may the sun
 Forget the true course which he always has run,
 You may forget me, but, O ! this you must know,
 I cannot forget thee, wherever I go.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

When the silent shades of evening
 Fall in stillness round the spot,
 Where thy lovely form is seated;
 Remember this, forget me not.

When thy friends shall gather round thee,
 To cheer with smiles each lonely thought,
 Where my eyes cannot behold thee,
 Remember this, forget me not.

When other friends shall all forsake thee,—
 Friends of thy youth so dearly bought,—
 My heart shall never turn against thee,
 Remember, I'll forget thee not.

Though time and distance oft may sever
 Us from those we dearly love,
 Yet we shall meet to part, no, never,
 When we shall meet in Heaven above.

TO———

O! no I'll ne'er forget thee, I'll bear thee in mind,
Though loved ones may forsake thee, and friends may prove
unkind;

Forget thee? I will not; O! that can never be;—
Forgetful of one that can ne'er forget me?

O! that cannot be; then weep not when parted,
For I thy friend will be.

And when we are parted, and far, far away,
And tears cloud my eyes through the long tedious day,
And often at eve, like some poor lonely dove,
I mourn, because parted from one that I love:

O! how can that be, that I must be parted
Forever from thee?

If parting is needful, though keen be the dart,
Forever I'll bind thee in love near my heart;
No far distant place, nor no long lapse of years,
Can change my affections, nor dry up my tears;

When life's storm is o'er, may we meet in Heaven
To part nevermore.

THE OCEAN SHORE.

I stood upon the ocean shore
When every billow seemed to weep,
And say that loved ones are no more,
For they are buried in the deep.

I turned about in sad surprise
To see where love and beauty bloom;
The marble slab there met my eyes,
And said, "Thy friends are in the tomb!"

O! what a mournful scene is this;
 How short the race of man below!
 Forever fled all earthly bliss,
 While bitter tears unbidden flow.

But lo! a message from on high,
 As soft as summer's evening air,
 Bid me look upward to the sky
 And said, You'll meet your lov'd ones there.

EXCURSION ON THE 5TH OF JULY.

We are with the friends we love,
 Their friendship we adore:
 We are passing along o'er the dark blue sea,
 Where the foaming billows roar.

Their union, O! how sweet,
 'Tis like to that above;
 And our life is pledged for their safe return,
 Back to the homes they love.

And then in love we'll part,
 And kindly say good bye,
 But our thoughts shall often wonder back
 To the fifth day of July.

And while we live below,
 We'll cheer each other's heart,
 And when we die, to Heaven we'll go,
 And never, never part.

A PEACEFUL LIFE.

I want to live while here below
 In peace with all mankind,
 And when I die I want to go
 To dwell with kindred minds.

But if I reach that happy place
 And enter safely in,
 Why, I must run the Christian race,
 And shun the paths of sin.

Help me, O Lord, in peace to live,
 That when I come to die,
 With joy my last account to give,
 And dwell with thee on high.

TO H. M.

The sun with all its glorious light
 May warm and cheer the day;
 The moon drive back the shades of night,
 With her soft silver ray.

The earth, its choicest blessings yield,
 The heart of man to cheer,
 The flowers o'erspread the woods and fields,
 And music fill the ear.—

If those we love unfaithful prove,
 And no kind smile should give,
 How slow the wheels of time would move,
 We would not wish to live.

But friendship's high and holy flame
 Has found in the a home ;
 And while we here on earth remain,
 It shall not live alone.

TO HATTIE,

This world would be a dreary place,
 Had friendship never reached its shore,
 Nor love lit up the human face
 With smiles that live when life is o'er.

But God has otherwise ordained
 That love the lonely heart shall cheer ;
 And when we think no friend remains
 God sends us one to dry our tears.

In thee, dear friend, true friendship finds
 A sure retreat, a calm repose :
 Thrice happy he whose troubled mind
 Enjoys thy smiles till life shall close.

OUR ONLY HOPE IS IN GOD.

Not all the saints beneath the sun,
 Nor angels round God's holy throne,
 Can fierce temptations overcome,
 If God should leave them all alone.

No prayers, nor tears, nor bitter sighs,
 Can for one single sin atone ;
 Naught but the blood of Christ applied,
 Through faith in God's beloved Son.

On Thee our hope of Heaven depends,
 No other refuge can we find ;
 For death removes all earthly friends,
 But Thou art near and ever kind.

Great God, uphold us by thy power :
 Keep us from falling into sin :
 Stand by us in the dying hour,
 And then to glory take us in.

DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

I dedicate this book,
 Dear friend, at your request :
 And when you in it look
 O ! may you be impressed.—

That friendship's high and holy powers
 Has guided well the pen :
 And may this cheer your lonely hours
 Until life's journey ends.

Dear friend, a kind good-bye ;
 I ask, if wrong, forgive,
 That when you read these lines that I
 May in your memory live.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

The man is blest whose daily walk
 Keeps pace with God's eternal laws ;
 Who slanders no man when he talks,
 Nor strives to hurt his neighbor's cause.

But keeps his neighbor's good in view,
 And shuns the way that leads to strife;
 Whose words distill like morning dew,
 To smooth the stream of mortal life.

Whose love to God shall know no end,
 When ceaseless ages pass away;
 The Lord shall such a man defend,
 And bring him to a perfect day.

O Lord, assist me by thy grace,
 To choose the good, the evil flee:
 And when I've run my mortal race,
 Then take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

TO A. G.

Dear friend at your request,
 My pen in hand I take,
 May peace and love and happiness
 Abound for Your dear Sake.

May loved ones kind and true,
 On you their love bestow,
 How cruel it would be if you
 Should have one earthly foe.

Dear friend a kind farewell,
 This word is hard to speak,
 But in that land where loved ones dwell
 I hope with you to meet.

DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Lines on the Death of a Little Girl of 9 years, old of
Mr. & Mrs. Healey of Groton, what she said just before
she died.

Father, you will not weep for me ;
When I ascend to Heaven above,
Dear mother I shall happy be ;
Surrounded by the savior's love.

Dear Etta, bid those tears that flow,
To take their everlasting flight,
For that bright world to which I go,
Has neither sorrow tears or night.

Dear Mother, you will not forget
To plant a bed of sweetest flowers,
Around that tree where oft I've set,
And spend so many happy hours.

The lilies in the corners set,
And when the flowers are in full bloom,
Your Child you will not then forget,
Tho cold and silent in the tomb.

My friends to me are all so kind,
I leave with them my parting kiss.
O ! may they ever bear in mind
There is a better world than this.

O ! Father, Mother, Sisters dear,
And Brother, will you meet me there,
Where never falls the parting tear,
But all is lovely young and fair.

DEATH OF A CHILD OF 4 YEARS.

The first young flowers of early spring,
 Adorn and beautify the day,
 So infant voices sweetly sing,
 To cheer us on our lonely way.

But when the fatal shaft of death,
 Descends from God's Eternal Throne,
 It chills the life blood, stops the breath,
 They leave us here to weep and moan.

The sweetest flowers of spring will fade,
 Before the autumn's cold wind blows,
 So children in their graves are laid,
 And never know earth's bitter woes.

But now in yonder world of light,
 They roam across the Heavenly plain,
 Where never falls the shades of night,
 And where they'll never die again.

TO WOULD'NT YOU LIKE TO KNOW.

I think of you while through the night,
 The lonely hours pass slowly by,
 I think of you when morning light,
 First shines upon the eastern sky.

I think of you when from the sky,
 The sun shines beautiful and clear,
 I think of you when night draws nigh,
 And long to be with you my dear.

O ! tell me if you can if I
 Have not discribed a friend sincere,
 And if I have, don't pass me by,
 But stop and wipe the falling tear.

Oh ! do not turn from me away,
 If so my tears would ever flow,
 I could not wish to live one day,
 I have no other friend below.—

No one on earth to me so dear,
 No one so kind, no friend so nigh,
 No one to wipe the falling tear,
 Nor say in tears, dear friend, good bye.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

I watched you with a friendly eye
 As weeks and months went passing by,
 And often wished your head could rest
 In sweet repose upon my breast.

But time rolled on and took its flight,
 And hid from me those eyes so bright,
 Your voice at eve I could not hear,
 Nor clasp that form I loved so dear.

My hours tho lonely passed away,
 I could not wish them long to stay,
 But bear me in your rapid flight
 To one who is my hearts delight.

Or I shall to some lonely spot
 Repair where mortals travel not,
 And far from loved ones, friends, and strife,
 There put an end to mortal life.

Then shall this aching heart find rest,
 Beloved by none, by none caressed.
 For not one tear will e'er be shed—
 For me if I were cold and dead.

My lot is hard, but I can bear
 My fate without one murmuring prayer,
 If that dear friend will near me stand,
 And smooth my brow with her soft hand.

TO, WOULD'NT YOU LIKE TO KNOW

O! give me but a cottage home,
 And the friend I love so dear,
 For her I'll live, for her I'll die,
 And for her I'll shed my tears.

O! give me her for whom I sigh
 And weep till life is o'er,
 If that dear friend was always nigh
 I'd ask for nothing more.

O! give me her soft friendly hand
 To wipe the falling tear,
 The gentle pressure of her lips,
 When no one else is near.

O! give me her soft gentle smiles,
 With a sweet and loving kiss,
 And let me lean upon her breast
 When I leave a world like this.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

Oh! God how can this nation stand,
 In view of all that she has done,
 The grain that grows by Thy command,
 She manufacturs into rum.

Full sixty thousand every year,
 Of mortals fill a drunkards grave,
 The widows eyes o'er flow with tears,
 She cries for help, Oh! come and save.

Great God, wake up the sleeping dead,
 And let them speak for the church is dumb
 The priest is afraid he'll lose his bread,
 And his hearers fear they'll lose their rum.

The politicians mind is strong,
 He's always right so is his cause,
 He'll vote for party right or wrong,
 Although it favors license laws.

For those that make, and those that sell,
 And they that drink are all the same,
 They open wide the gate of Hell,
 And madly rush into the flames.

Great God, stand by the souls that love
 To advocate the temperance cause,
 Give them instructions from above,
 To vote against all license laws.

DUE TO THE MEMORY OF JENNIE
H. TAYLOR.

Who died July 7th 1874, Aged 14 years, In behalf of
her Parents.

Oh ! Jennie dear, and art thou gone,
Where I cannot behold thy face,
And must my tears keep flowing on,
'Till I have run this mortal race.

My home is sad and lonely now,
Since thy sweet voice was hush'd by death,
Can I find comfort, tell me how,
Before I yield this mortal breath.

Oh ! is there naught that I can find,
To cheer this lonely heart of grief,
Roll on in haste ye wheels of time,
And let my stay on earth be brief.

I have some friends that love me now,
Their flowing tears oft tell me so.
But where, Oh ! Jennie, where art thou,
All that I have I'd give to know.

Locked up in dark oblivion night,
The future all unknown to me,
My darling buried from my sight,
I ask were can that lov'd one be.

In Heaven she lives no more to die,
Her pains, and sufferings, all are o'er,
I hope to meet her by and by,
In that bright world and part no more.

FINAL END OF INTEMPERANCE.

God made this world, and all therein,
 And he upholds it by his power,
 But man, when tempted yielded to sin,
 And lost God's smiles in that sad hour.

From sin, to sinning, man we find,
 Inventing all that hurts the soul,
 Making intoxicating wine,
 That was the cappiece of the whole.

But now with whiskey, wine, and rum,
 Our Earth is curs'd and steep'd in crime
 With weeping eyes, and sad hearts rung,
 We point you to that coming time.

When God in vengeance, shall look down,
 And sweep intemperance from this land,
 And remove by death, those that are found,
 Who dare to raise the opposing hand.

Great God for mercy now we plead,
 Let temperance spread throughout this land
 Blast with a curse intemperance seed,
 And turn mens hearts to thy command.

LANDING OF OUR FOREFATHERS, NEAR PLYMOUTH ROCK

Oh! dark was the night when our forefathers stood,
Far away on the eastern shore,
And the Mayflower rode o're the high dashing waves,
And the storm winds did loudly roar.

Cho.

Rally now one and all stand by the flag,
Never let fair freedom die,
Rally now one and all stand by the cause,
Never let it languish and die.

The first pure ray of freedom's holy light,
Was seen on New England's shore,
And its foot print was made, near the old plymouth rock,
Where the mighty billows roar.

Cho.

Our forefathers fought for liberty and right,
And drove back our eastern foe,
Fair freedom now stands where slavery took its flight,
When we struck that fatal blow.

Cho.

Deep down in our hearts burns freedoms holy fire
And shall burn till life's last hour has fled
And now the stars and stripes we will raise a little higher,
For that tyrant called slavery is dead.

Cho.

ACROSTICS.

Ever surrounded by those you hold dear,
Life's sorrows to banish, and thy pathway to cheer,
Like the soft gentle breezes of the midsummer day,
All calm and serene may thy years pass away,
Jesus cause the richest blessings on you to descend,
Broad cast round thy pathway the best of earth's friends,
Richly encircle you with friendship's high powers,
O'er thy head wave love's banner to cheer thy lone hours,
With the kindest of friends which make earth a heaven,
No one be reserved but all to you given.

All lovely and fair as the first summer rose,
 Unchanged when the winds of adversity blows,
 God bless you with friends that are worthy of thee ;
 Unchanged and sincere may your friends ever be.
 Sweet smiles, the sure token of friendship and love,
 That seldom is known but in Heaven above,
 And all that can add to one's happiness here,
 Brightly shine in your features, the sad heart to cheer.
 Round your pathway may angels from Heaven descend,
 And spread their bright wings over you and defend.
 If I could prevent it you never should know
 No sorrow that causeth the sad tear to flow ;
 All your grief I would banish and your sorrows and pains.
 Returning, no, never, while eternity remains ;
 Dear friend, now a kind good-bye till we meet again.

Heaven grant that life's journey with peace may be crowned,
 And loved ones encircle thy pathway around ;
 No false-hearted friends may you ever know,
 Nor sorrow that causeth the sad tear to flow ;
 All calm and serene may thy life pass away.
 Heaven's smiles may attend you by night and by day ;
 All mourning and weeping and all mortal woes
 May be driven from thy path and reserved for thy foes ;
 On the bright side of life be permitted to stay,
 Rejoicing in hope of a far brighter day.
 God grant at the close of thy mortal career,
 A far brighter day to thy sight may appear ;
 Now farewell, dear friend, till we shall meet there.

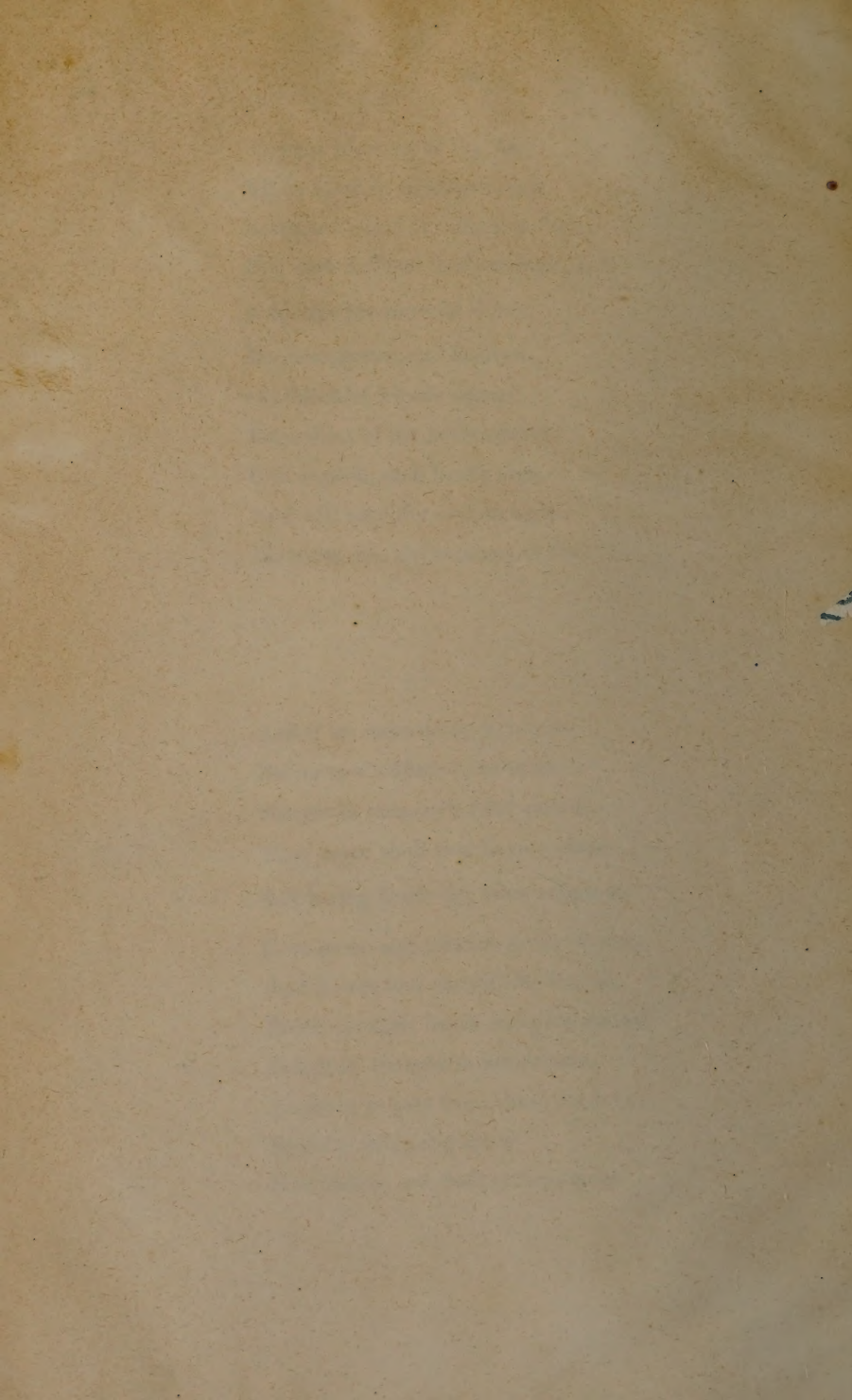
Ever surrounded by those you hold dear,
 May they prove constant friends, ever true and sincere,
 Encircle thy pathway with loves sweetest flowers,
 Life's sorrow to cheer through its dark trying hours.
 If through deep afflictions you are here called to pass,
 No soft hand of friendship to which you may grasp,
 Even all we once cherished be shrouded in gloom.
 And a thick cloud of darkness o'ershadow, the tomb,
 May the sweet consolations the gospel has given
 Of happiness here and a foretaste of Heaven,
 Remind you that Jesus who still intercedes,
 Gives grace to the humble, and His spirit to lead,
 And will safely conduct you where sorrow and pain
 Never enter, but happiness eternally reigns.

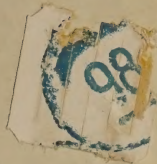
Guarded by truth, a holy flame,
 Ever unchanged and still the same ;
 O ! may no doubts within you rise ;
 Remember, friendship never dies.
 Grieve not, though distance parts us now,
 Ever may virtue fan thy brow ;
 Bright memory round thy bed shall weep,
 Guard and watch o'er you while you sleep,
 And when all other friends forget,
 Remember that I love the yet.
 Dear is the love that us surrounds,
 No end it has, it has no bounds ;
 Enters eternity to dwell,
 Repeats no more in tears,—farewell.

Can time or distance ever part
 And change the affections of the heart ?
 Refreshed by memory's constant thought
 Oft whispers thou art not forgot.
 Led on by God's own hand divine,
 In all your life be true and kind.
 No foes invade thy peaceful breast ;
 Ever in Jesus' arms to rest.
 Ever surrounded by thy friends,
 Keep from all harm till life shall end,
 Enter that rest prepared above,
 No more to part from those you love,
 Youth's brightest days will soon be o'er ;
 O may we meet on that blest shore,
 No more to part, no, never more.

May the morning of thy days
 All be spent in wisdom's ways.
 Respected friend, to memory dear,
 You have a friend that's always near.
 Ever like the peaceful dove,
 Much respected and beloved.
 Oft deceitful friends appear
 Regardless of the heart sincere.
 God regards each lonely sigh,
 And will take thy soul on high,
 No more, no, never more, to die.

And if we meet no more below,
 Bid sorrow's bitter tears to flow ;
 But yet in memory's fond embrace
 Your name shall ever have a place
 Soft loving hands thy tears suppress,
 Give peace and comfort to thy breast,
 And if rude foes should e'er invade,
 Reach out their hands and give the aid.
 Delightful thought to meet above,
 No more to part from those we love :
 Eternity without a shore
 Resounding, we shall part no more.





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